

THE RURAL REPOSITORY

A Semi-monthly Journal, Embellished with Engravings.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.

W. B. STODDARD, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME XXIV.

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1848.

NUMBER 25.

TALES.

From the Olive Branch.

THE COUNTRY COUSIN.

BY S. M. HUMPHREY.

"How provoking!" cried the gay and beautiful Emily Howard, as she threw aside a letter she had been reading, "only think, to be bored for a whole fortnight, by a vulgar country cousin, and that too, during the gay season; O dear! O dear! what will the Wilmots think? But there it is, I must write her to come, for father has given her a pressing invitation of course never once thinking she would except."

And she seized her pen and wrote a pretty note, and hastening to the bearer, who was awaiting an answer in an adjoining room, with a face wreathed in smiles she presented it. But alas! not one syllable of her vehement soliloquy had escaped the gentleman, and he being a friend of the family by whom he had been commissioned to deliver the message, on his return, related the whole affair to Louisa Dalton—the country cousin.

On being left alone, the astonished girl burst into tears—tears of disappointment, indignation and mortified pride. But she soon recovered herself, an wiping her eyes, seemed lost in thought, when suddenly a merry laugh burst forth, and she roughly said,

"Ay, that will be fine; at all events I'll make the most of my visit, and the foolish, deceitful Emily Howard, shall find that her country cousin in point of vulgarity, is quite up to her imagination. I am sure, it is but fair that she should be punished, and as to her opinion or that of her associates it matters but little to me. True, it will be a difficult part to play, but I trust much to my powers of imitation in carrying out my plan which fortunately, according to the science of phrenology, are uncommonly developed."

Could Emily Howard at this time have looked in upon her expected guest, she would have dismissed all fears of being disgraced by her, as even she—the admired city belle, in point of beauty and accomplishments, could not rival her. She was gracefully reclining on a luxuriant lounge, in a rich and tasteful apartment. The light of the departing sun was streaming through the window, and the damask curtains reflected a deeper hue to the rose tint on her cheek. Though the traces of tears were still visible, a sunny smile played around lips of Madonna beauty, and every feature seemed radiant with the sweet light of warm affection and young hope. Oh! joyous, happy season, a season, when life with its varied charms opens upon the young maiden, with only rainbow hues; when on the sunny landscape she sees no dark spot, no eclipse.

The father of Louisa, having acquired a competency, and being fond of rural life, while she was still a mere child, had chosen a lovely sequestered retreat. Here, amid nature's sweet adornings of flowers and shady groves, with a fond father and tender mother, she had passed her happy childhood, a here, she had numbered her eighteenth year. She was possessed of fine natural talents, and under the guidance of her accomplished mother, had made great proficiency in both the solid and ornamental branches. Although she had travelled much with her parents, and for one of her years had seen much of gay world, though admiring eyes had gazed on her, and flattery's seductive voice had been breathed in her ear, she still retained that sweet simplicity and love of nature, which ever spring from a pure heart.

Mr. Charles Howard, her mother's brother,—resided in a distant city, but, owing to a slight misunderstanding between himself and Mr. Dalton, (the nature of which will not at all interest my readers,) the families had never been on terms of intimacy, and until, within a few months had not visited, when, Mr. Howard, in compliance with his sister's earnest request, had spent a few days with them at their delightful home. He had ever fondly loved his sister, and the attachment was warmly returned by her, so that a satisfactory explanation of the misunderstanding which had occasioned the breach was highly gratifying to both, and they only regretted that reconciliation had been so long postponed. Mr. Howard was delighted with the genius, beauty and accomplishments of Louisa, and could not forbear contrasting the graceful modesty of her manners, with the lofty bearing and haughty affectation of his own beloved child; and when he had urged an acceptance of his invitation, it had been with a hope of benefiting her, not less, than with a desire for the congenial society of his interesting niece. He was aware that his daughter, having seen only rustic beauties, had imbibed a foolish, but strong prejudice against those whose lot was cast without the pale of a populous city, and he forbore making any comments upon their expected guest, as he wished to witness the surprise of Emily, when she should discover the superiority of her country cousin.—At every mention of the visit, the fallen countenance of Emily betrayed to him how unwelcome it was, and he well knew that she was bitterly anticipating many a humiliating mortification, and trying position to which her visitor must expose her. She dared not complain to her father, for she understood his views too well to expect sympathy; and she also knew that he would acquire of her, every possible attention upon her cousin.

The expected day at length arrived and with a sickening heart, Emily, for the first time in her life, beheld a stage coach stop before her father's man-

sion. As she had a great aversion to such vehicles, she could restrain herself no longer, and forgetting all fears of her father's displeasure, with a scornful manner and a distressed tone, she exclaimed.

"A dusty stage coach! oh! papa, how could you doom me to such annoyances, and all, for the sake of a miserable country girl? What on earth will the Wilmots say?"

The color mounted to the temples of Mr. Howard, and Emily's cheek flushed beneath the harshest look of reproof which she had ever seen on his usually benevolent face. As she reluctantly rose to receive her guest, he coldly said,

"Emily, don't trouble yourself; I will do the civilities, as I cannot bear to see my daughter welcoming with honied words and a smile on her lip, one who in her heart she despises, thus, acting the double part of falsehood and hypocrisy."

"She has not come after all," said Mr. Howard, as the stage door was thrown open; but instantly he recognized her lovely features, shaded by a large bonnet. As he assisted her in alighting, he could scarce repress an expression of surprise at her grotesque appearance, while she ingeniously said,

"I am glad to see you, dear uncle, but no doubt you are surprised at my travelling equipage. Do not remove my baggage, as, perhaps, you will not approve of the assumed character which circumstances compel me to act, if I remain with you."

She then explained all in regard to the letter, and what had been overheard by the bearer, and closed by saying, that, since she had sent compliments, she thought best to come; but if such a part as she proposed to act would be in the least unpleasant to him, she would unhesitatingly depart."

"By no means!" replied her uncle, "your plot is excellent, and though I can scarce bear to see you do violence to the refinement of your feelings, and thus veil your superior loveliness, yet, I doubt not, it is one that will greatly assist in curing the serious faults of my child, faults, which conceal her every virtue, and I will assist you to the utmost of my power."

During all this time, peeping from the window above, was poor Emily, and as she witnessed the dismounting, the removal of baggage, &c. her appearance was quite as laughable as that of her cousin's, and her remarks much more so.

"O horrible!" she exclaimed, raising both hands, and looking as if she scarce knew whether to laugh or cry, as Louisa first made her appearance, "what a large bonnet! and as to her outside dress, I really believe it is her old father's big farmer coat. Well, well, papa need not have feared smiling lips and honied words from me; for hypocrite as he thinks me, I could not have assumed them, but should have laughed in spite of myself, in her face,

which of course, is as big and homely as her bonnet. The provoking creature! what assurance! do see her lean on his arm!" and the baggage is, I am sure, precisely like that of the fat Irish woman, who always come to service in a stage coach, with just such an old band-box, tied up in a rag; only she has got a rusty umbrella. I suppose she thought *mabby* her cousin Emily had none, and this would be *jest* the thing to *kiver* us both in our rainy walks. 'Tis too bad, too bad," and tears began to flow.

At this moment, Sir Edward Walton—the son of a wealthy marquis, who was visiting at Mr. Wilmot's—was announced, and hastily drying her tears, and arranging her becoming dress with studied negligence, she proceeded to the drawing room where he was awaiting her. A look of undisguised admiration from him rewarded her trouble, and forgetting all her anxieties in regard to her country cousin, she was soon rapturously listening to his glowing and refined conversation.

In the meantime, Louisa had been busily engaged in decorating, or rather disfiguring herself for the pursuance of her plan. Her beautiful brown hair had been tightly drawn back from her forehead, and its luxuriant tresses confined with an immense tortoise shell comb; directly across her fair brow, was bound a row of short, stiff, artificial curls, secured by a black fillet, which was tied back of the ear with a bright pink bow. Her dress, which in no ways fitted her elegant form, was of calico, guily striped with red and green; and waist encircled by a red sash, fastened with an old fashioned brass belt-buckle. To complete the arrangements, a pair of mits encased her delicate hands, and green shoes sat loosely on her feet.

While Sir Edward and Emily were still enjoying their charming tete-a-tete, the door was thrown open, and the glowing country lass stood court-eying before them. Emily was so shocked she was unable to rise; but not at all discomfited, Miss Louisa approached, and throwing her arms about her neck, inprinted a smack on her cheek which resounded through the room like the bursting of a bottle of beer; and without taking breath, she exclaimed,

"I told you I'd come, dear cousin Emily, and I meant to. Ever since my uncle Charles was at our house, I've been wanting to. He told me all about you, but he never so much as told me you had a brother," advancing to Sir Edward with extended hand, saying in an under tone, "well, so much the better."

Poor Emily vainly essayed to speak, and Sir Edward, noting her embarrassment, with assumed gravity, while he took the extended hand, informed her of her mistake.

"O, pardon me," she replied, starting back; and then eyeing them both in the face, she said, "but you look as near alike as two peas, only Miss Emily is so pale;" and marching across the room with the air of one perfectly at home, and fixing her eyes on a rich velvet covered easy chair, she said, "what an *ilegant cheer*; but I spose you've no objections to my sitting in it, now I've got on my best new gown. And so comfortable too!" she continued, as she threw herself into it; and placing her hands on her knees, with her mouth half open; she stared about the room, and freely expressed her admiration of its embellished beauties, declaring it was unlike anything she had ever dream-

of. At length, as if recollecting herself, she started up, and said.

"But, come, Emily, where is the piannay your father told me about? I'd like to see *sich* a wonderful thing, that speaks music right out;" and familiarly seizing her hand, she continued, "come, don't be so stupid; you know you have got to show me everything new and that will be no small task, for everything in a city is new to us country folks. I spose I shall be asked to plenty of frolics candy-scrapes and quiltings, and all that sort of thing, and I've brought lots of pretty clothes to wear. I know you will be quite proud of me, and as to the beaux, why, up where I live, they think I am—but there, I won't brag—you'll see what I can do."

At this juncture, Sir Edward, whose generosity would not allow of his torturing Miss Emily, bade them "good morning" and withdrew, though it must be admitted, he had enjoyed the simplicity of the little rustic.

"What a pity!" he said to himself as he turned away, "that such a pretty little creature," (for despite of her disguises she was beautiful) "with eyes soft as the dove's and teeth of pearls, half concealed by such sweet lips, and a complexion whose purity might excite the envy of even the beautiful Emily Howard, what a pity that she is so ignorant and so singularly devoid of taste in her personal adornings! And her voice! despite the coarse things it uttered, its musical sweetness thrilled my heart! Well is it for her, that she is under the protection of as influential a man as Mr. Howard for in this vile city, possessed of such fresh beauty connected with such ignorance of the ways of the world, it were next to impossible that she should escape unharmed, from the seductive wiles of some one of those monsters, who are ever on the alert to lure from virtue's path the young and innocent."

"This is only the commencement," sighed the discomfited Emily, as she pressed her pillow after the first day of embarrassments and mortifications had passed, "and I know not where it will end; I anticipated *full* enough, but her verdancy *far, far* exceeds it all. It will ruin me, I am sure it will, and something must be done. To-morrow I will reason with her; she is quite pretty—very pretty—and, if I can only induce her to lay aside that gigantic comb, and those odious curls, and do her hair in *something* of style; and then, with a little altering, one of my dresses might fit her nicely; and the mits and shoes, certainly must be disposed of, and then, I am sure she will appear quite like a lady—no, not a lady, but quite decent, I mean. But her foolish palaver, that is worse than all; what can I do?" and the poor girl finding there was so much to be done, despairingly sobbed herself to sleep.

The following morning she was awakened to her troubles by Louisa, who, without ceremony entered her sleeping apartment, exclaiming.

"Heigho! asleep yet? what say for a walk?"

Emily would have shaken her off, and resumed her slumbers, had not the thought occurred to her, that in a walk at such an hour, she would not be likely to encounter any of her fashionable friends; and hastily rising, she was soon equipped.

Choosing a retired, but pleasant avenue, she was carelessly proceeding along, when her attention was arrested by a gentleman, whose elegant figure she could not mistake. It was no other than Sir

Edward Walton, the very one whom, above all others, she dreaded; and drawing her veil closely over her face, she would have proceeded without noticing him, had not Louisa cried out.

"Not so fast, Emily! here is the very same young fellow who was at your house yesterday; he is walking all alone, and he looks wishful, as if he wanted to go with us. Here, Mr. — what is your name, we are taking a walk too, and as you are going the same way, why not go with us?"

"With pleasure," replied Sir Edward, biting his lips, "I never refuse the escort of ladies."

"How very pretty," said Louisa, and as he smilingly extended his jewelled hand, their eyes met.

But! notwithstanding the part she was playing she was extremely modest, and her eyes fell, while a modest blush o'erspread her cheek, which was beautiful in the eyes of Sir Edward, although he could not explain such susceptibility, from one, who would hail a stranger, and ask him to walk with her. At all events, thought he, such mingling of simplicity and modesty is rare, and therefore interesting, and just for novelty's sake, he resolved to pursue her acquaintance, and try to draw her out.

In vain he sought to engage Miss Howard in conversation; she was so pained and embarrassed she could reply only by monosyllables, but the light-hearted Louisa chatted on right merrily, apparently entirely unconscious of the troubles she was giving her companion.

As they advanced into open space, Sir Edward passionately called the attention of the ladies to the rising orb of day, tinging with rich golden hues the eastern horizon.

"'Tis very pretty," faintly replied Emily, while Louisa, betrayed into forgetfulness by her passionate love of the sublime, warmly reiterated.

"Pretty! how tame the expression! it is sublimely beautiful; Look again, dear Emily, what work of art can equal nature's sweet adornings! how rich, how glorious, are the varied hues and shades." For a moment she gazed, lost in admiration, while Sir Edward viewed with surprise, and an interest amounting almost to tenderness, her intellectual face, beaming with the poetic enthusiasm of her feelings. As she turned her soul-lit eyes upon him, his tender gaze recalled her senses, and again her eyes fell and a deep blush o'erspread her cheeks.

Emily was no less surprised than Sir Edward, and pleased that she had made a favorable impression on his mind (which she could not help seeing, though she believed it momentary) she half resolved to let pride alone, love her for what she was, and independently brave public opinion. But alas! pride had gained too strong a hold upon her heart! and during the reception of morning callers, she found herself as much annoyed as on the previous day.

Immediately after dinner, she took the arm of Louisa, and drawing her away, said,

"Come, let us go to the dressing room and prepare for evening."

"You don't mean for me to prepare," said Louisa, eyeing herself with a look of satisfaction; "I have got on my best, and I am sure I look pretty;" and she placed herself before the mirror, did not you see that young feller, that walked with us, stare at me; I know he was pleased."

"You look well for the country, but city people dress differently, and when you are with them, you should try to imitate them both in dress and manners, lest, by singularity, you might attract too much attention."

"I have no sort of objections to attracting attention," replied Louisa drily.

"Well, then, to please me, will you not allow the dressing maid to fix your hair a little more like mine?" implored Emily.

"Just as you please, but then, if it should not be becoming, it must be refitted, and all that trouble will have been for nothing."

"Never mind the trouble, and I well know you will be satisfied."

As the maid removed the comb, and unbound her shining tresses, Emily gazed in astonishment, ever and anon exclaiming.

"What a pity, to confine such splendid hair! Only look, Celia, did you ever see anything one half so beautiful?" and beautiful indeed did she look to the delighted Emily, when its arrangement was tastefully completed.

"Ay, now," said Emily, "you look sweetly," and with an air of condescension, she for the first time kissed her, adding, "I shall be quite proud of you;" and then, as if a new idea had occurred to her, although in reality she had been pondering it all the morning, she exclaimed, "oh, Celia! if we could only dress alike, and, indeed we can, for there are my two blue dresses, exactly alike, only one is silk and the other cashmere. Go bring them immediately. 'Tis quite a romantic idea!"

As Celia departed, Louisa, who had been twisting her head before the mirror, turned and in a dissatisfied voice said.

"What a botch Celia has made of my hair! I did not like to say it to her, for she took such pains; but I've no notion of wearing it, not I."

In vain Emily expostulated; with provoking gravity, and quite a show of impatience, she gathered it up in its former style, mounted her big comb and artificial curls, and arranged the fillet and bow.

"There now," said she, "don't you think it looks better, and far more becoming?"

"I am sure it does not," scornfully replied Emily, while tears of vexation filled her eyes. "It is ridiculous in the extreme, nothing like style about it."

"Who cares for style!" said Louisa contemptuously, "nobody but city folks, who cover their faces with hair till they look like monkeys, cramp up their feet, squeeze their insides out, tie a hump of cotton wool on their backs, and then because its fashionable, think they look first rate, and really despise a lady from the country, who has sufficient independence to wear what best becomes her, without regard to the fashions."

Convinced how vain her attempts at modernizing were, Emily cast an angry look at her, and left the room, shutting the door violently.

"I do believe, dear uncle," said Louisa, as she encountered him in the garden, "that Emily is sufficiently punished. She is really very unhappy at my obstinacy, and my heart aches with pity, even while I torment her. I have forgiven her a thousand times for the few tears her thoughtless remarks occasioned me."

"I appreciate the generosity of your motives," replied her uncle, "but this fault has gained too

strong a hold upon Emily, to be easily overcome. If I can but reclaim her from the influence of those silly Wilmots, I shall be satisfied. I know it is painful to you, as to me, but if you will bear a little longer, she must come to her senses."

In half an hour after this conversation, Mr. Howard, Emily and Louisa were started on a shopping expedition; Emily fully determined to recognize none of her fashionable friends, if so unfortunate as to meet them; her position was very much like that of a young child, who sometimes shuts his eyes, thinking by so doing he screens himself from observation.

"O, papa!" cried she earnestly, as they stopped before a spacious and elegant store, "this is no place for us."

"And why not, my daughter? Have I not often heard you say you preferred it to any in the city—that Mr. Courtland, and clerks were gentlemanlike and accommodating—and do you not generally trade here?"

The fact was, Mr. Courtland, who was indeed a finished gentleman, had been charmed with the beauty of Emily, not less than her well-filled purse and always foremost in welcoming her, had delicately bestowed on her many of those flattering attentions, so pleasing to the heart of woman.

As the party entered, Emily slunk behind her father; but Louisa pulled her sleeve, saying,

"Only look, dear cousin Emily! what lots of pretty things! Not much like the stores up where I live, I can tell you;—why, there they have pork, cheese, corn, molasses, and cod-fish, besides their calicoes, tapes, needles, and what not; don't they, uncle Charles? But this is a much prettier way, all calicoes and furbelows. What an elegant lamp! well, I never!" and she closely inspected the chandelier—"why, it's really worth twenty-five cents to come here, if it's only to look at the pretty things."

"Good evening, Miss Howard," said Mr. Courtland, bowing politely, and affecting not to note her embarrassment; "are there any goods I can show you this evening?"

"No, she don't want any," replied Louisa, stepping forward, "but I'd like to buy a new gown."

The remarks of a country rustic were not entirely new to the dealer, and experience had taught self-command; so without changing countenance, though he secretly wondered that the fashionable Emily Howard should have so vulgar a relation, he courteously asked—

"What shall I show you, madam? silks, de laines—"

"Calico, first rate, handsome calico," interrupted Louisa.

"I would like to look at your nice prints," chimed in the affected voice of a fashionably-attired young lady, languishingly seating herself on a stool by the side of Louisa, and ungloving her delicate hand.

The prints were produced, with the usual recommendation of shop-keepers, such as new styles, elegant patterns, fast colors, unexceptionable prints, &c. addressed alternately to the two inspectors.

"Prints! prints!" said Louisa; "I asked for calico."

"This is the article, madam," gravely replied Mr. Courtland.

"Well, that's a funny name for calico; but

these are not half lively enough; why, they look just like my old faded wash gown, and would do better for my grandmother, than for a young girl like me. I like your real dashy calico, or prints, as you call um."

The young lady cast a scornful look upon the speaker, and gathered her widespread, costly garments about her, as if she feared contamination.

"Look here, cousin Emily," continued Louisa, "do tell me what to buy."

"Assist your cousin in a choice," said Mr. Howard; and Emily, who had purposely kept at a distance, was forced to approach.

At the sound of Mr. Howard's voice, the lady on the stool had raised her eyes, and immediately discovered her to be the before-mentioned Mrs. Wilmot's eldest daughter, and one of her most particular friends. With a formal bow for Mr. Howard, and a chilling smile for Emily, she turned to Mr. Courtland with—"I see nothing that quite pleases me," and then minced out of the store.

"O look, Emily!" said Louisa, following her with her eyes; "what a widdlewaddle piece of work that girl makes of walking."

"Why, Louisa," said Mr. Howard, smiling, "that is what they call graceful."

"Just about as graceful as our old ducks. You city folks know nothing of grace. I only wish you could see Mary Lee, the milk-maid, trip along, that's all grace—grace without effort—perfectly *natral*, too."

But it will not do for me to be thus minute, lest I might weary my readers. Each succeeding day brought new trials and mortifications to Emily, and it appeared to her as if her father's house had never been so thronged with the fashion of the city.

Sir Edward Walton spent much time with them and it was rumored that he was paying his addresses to Miss Howard. In vain did she look for a confirmation, of the report. She was certain he was deeply interested in her, and it is no less certain that for his sake she would have renounced an absent, but not less worthy lover—not that she loved Sir Edward better, but then, he was the son of a marquis, and above all, one whom the high-headed Wilmots were aspiring, or rather manœuvring to captivate. But alas! for these schemes; Sir Edward was not one to be entrapped by art, since his travels in foreign countries, and his knowledge of the fashionable world, had sickened him of intriguing mamas or affected misses. True he was charmed with Emily's beauty and accomplishments; and, had she appeared a little, or rather much more naturally there is no telling what might have happened. As it was, he had never once thought of marrying her. So fastidious was he, that his most intimate friends already accounted him a bachelor; and he, despite of his domestic tastes, and admiration of woman, sometimes feared lest he should never find the beau ideal of his imagination, in which case he would most assuredly fulfil his friends' predictions.

The anniversary of Emily's birth-day was fast approaching, and sincerely did she hope that Louisa's visit would be completed before its arrival. Alas! the day came round, and Louisa was still there. In the early part of the day she had occasion to go to Emily's room, where she found her reclining on the sofa, weeping bitterly.

"Why, dear Emily!" she exclaimed, "what can be the matter?"

Emily rudely pushed her away, saying, "Leave me alone; I am so tried and unhappy. I do not wish to see you."

"Tried and unhappy! and on your birth-day, too!" interposed Louisa, compassionately; "is there nothing I can do to relieve you?"

"If you could, you would not," said Emily, pettishly, "you are so obstinate."

Louisa was grieved, but not offended; and in tones of earnestness she sought to assure Emily of her mistake.

"Well, then, supposing I tell you, that you are the cause of my trouble."

"I the cause of your trouble. Why, Emily, what on earth can you mean?"

"But you will be angry, and will go to papa with it."

"Indeed I will not. Who ever saw me angry?"

"Well, then, I am weeping simply because—because—my friends who come to celebrate this day, will laugh at you—your odd dress."

"But why cry for that? they can't make me cry; I don't care for *um* one cent."

"But you and I differ; and to know that my cousin must be laughed at, will make me miserable all day long."

"O, cousin, what a strangely disinterested girl you are;—but it shows how dearly you love me, and since it is your birth day, you shall have your own way, and I will promise to do every thing just as you tell me."

That same night a large select company was assembled in the splendidly illuminated halls of Mr. Howard. Sir Edward Walton was seated between the two Misses Wilmot, when the elder remarked—

"I really hope that rustic cousin will be here, it will be so amusing to see her manoeuvre. And Emily, too—why, she turned nineteen different colors when I happened to meet them at Courtland's. How hard they try to be genteel; but it's of no use, if they allow such vulgar visitors.—Why, one such encounter must convince every well-bred person of their low origin. I know of several that would have dropped them long ago, but the silly things give such splendid parties."

At that moment Emily, who had spent many hours in dressing and drilling her cousin, presented her to her guests.

"What a charming woman!" said Sir Edward; "but bless me! 'tis the country girl met amorphosed truly. How sweetly she looks in that simple white muslin, and that white rose in her beautiful hair!"

Louisa tried (or appeared to try) to make her entrance as she had been instructed, but after two or three awkward attempts, she sunk into the first empty chair, saying despairingly—"There, I can't do it, Emily and it's of no use to try."

A half-suppressed titter ran through the apartments, and all eyes were turned scrutinizingly upon her—Sir Edward's in pity and admiration; for he saw, or imagined he saw, a painful blush overspread her cheek at her awkward situation.

"I thought you told me she was a gawky-looking country girl," said the younger Miss Wilmot, to her sister.

"And so she is, only Emily has been seeking to disguise the fact, by rigging her up in her cast-off clothes. How disgusting! But then what is the use—she has shown out so soon?"

"Why don't you play something or other?" asked Louisa. "Why, up where I live—there 'tis again—pardon me, Emily, I forgot I was not to name the country; I only meant it was most dreadful dull here sitting stock still, and staring at one another. It's what I call a Quaker meeting,—*jist* no celebration at all."

"Why, Louisa," said Mr. Howard, "our friend are enjoying conversation."

"Well, then, I should think they would talk loud enough so I can hear them, for I really begin to think those are two girls there (pointing to the Wilmots) are poking fun at me. If I'd worn my big *ilegant* comb, what cost my mother twelve dollars, and my striped gown, I should have expected to have been laughed at, for Emily here told me so; but now I don't see what 'tis you find, being as how I am dressed as fashionable as any on you, though, to be sure I look a deal prettier in my own clothes. But there 'tis; I love my cousin and I guess you'd thought she loved me too, if you'd seen how she cried and took on, for fear I'd get laughed at; and so I told her to rig up just as she pleased, though I could hardly keep from crying, too, to think how queer I should look."

At that moment Sir Edward, who really pitied Emily, who sat like a statue, proposed music, and prevailed on a young lady, whom he knew to be well skilled, to take her seat at the piano.

After the conclusion of her admirable performance, Miss Wilmot was invited, who replied in Latin—"Take away that country nuisance, and I will."

"I will withdraw, and save him the trouble," said Louisa, in the same tongue.

Miss Wilmot started and reddened; while Sir Edward, almost confounded, gazed alternately at the two.

"Please, gentle lady, be a little more careful in future," said Louisa drily; "some apples are green when ripe."

Quite discomfited, Miss Wilmot seated herself, and wishing to show off, attempted a very beautiful, but difficult Italian piece, but not having practised sufficiently, and feeling a little disturbed at what had transpired, she failed utterly.

"Now," thought Louisa, "is my turn;" and stepping gaily forward, with a musical laugh, she resumed the seat which Miss Wilmot had left.—As her delicate fingers swept the notes, every lover of music gathered around her, and when without apparent effort, she had successfully completed the music on which the now mortified Miss Wilmot had failed, every voice was earnest in entreating her to continue.

"What a mysterious angel she is!" thought Sir Edward, as he viewed her with rapturous devotion; "what grace of form and movements! what splendid hair! and, above all what accomplishments! I half—yes, quite—suspect her of a plot! Ay, yes, I have it now—she is no rustic, but more than a match for the finest lady here."

At that moment she sang to a plaintive air with her mellow, touching voice, and Sir Edward was completely subdued; not that excellent music was a new thing to him, by no means—but then the conquering little god had aimed a successful dart, that's it.

"Do not again assume your rustic manners," said Mr. Howard to Louisa, as she affected a polite escape from the importunities of her admirers;

"for by this time Emily understands it all, and I am sure is quite disgusted with the Wilmots."

While they were speaking, the smiling Emily advanced, and shaking her finger at Louisa affectionately, said—

"You are caught at last, my precious cousin! When you perform your next comedy, I advise you to take the stage, as I have no taste for such cruel theatricals. Do see those insulting Wilmots—how mortified they are. You served them right—and the noble Sir Edward Walton is, I am sure in love with their 'country nuisance.' O charming! charming! Now they will have a chance to envy instead of despise. But here he comes, laughing right merrily."

"A truly delightful comedy, Miss Dalton," said he; "but I like the closing scene best; and Miss Howard, judging from your happy face, our tastes are not entirely dissimilar."

"And only think, Sir Edward!" exclaimed Emily, "how cruel, to keep me in ignorance of the plot, even my own tender-hearted papa all the time enjoying my mortification—indeed, I suspect him of conspiracy. But there it is; I half conceive their motive, and I suppose I must feign a cure, for fear of another bitter dose. O Louisa, that *ilegant* chair and piannay."

By this time the whole company had learned that the country rustic was an assumed part, and were fast and loud in their expressions of admiration of her superior grace and beauty. Some laughingly repeated—"There Emily, I can't do it and it's no use to try;" others—"some apples are green when ripe;" and others still—"take away the country nuisance." Some praised her well spoken Latin, others her Italian performance, while peals of merry laughter reverberated through the apartments. The humiliated Wilmots, whose insulting remarks had not been at all private, now saw themselves objects of ridicule, and as early as possible, made their escape.

The remainder of the evening was delightful to all parties, especially to Sir Edward, who bestowed an almost undivided attention upon Louisa, becoming more and more pleased with her grace of manners and conversation, so entirely devoid of the artificial. Emily felt no pang of envy at this monopoly, but rather triumphed in her cousin's success,—ever and anon whispering to her happy father, "What a sweetly matched couple—how admirably adapted—how intelligent and how happy they look—the invincible Sir Edward is conquered at last—O charming! charming!" her favorite expression of delight.

After the conclusion of the festivities, she assured her father and cousin that this had been the most joyous birth-day anniversary she had ever known. The tears of morning, like showers in April, had been chased away by the beaming sun of happiness, and had left no impress.

On the following day she read with transport a letter from her before-mentioned absent lover, containing intelligence of the success of his expedition and a promise of speedy return, and withal, couched in such winning, affectionate terms, as to awaken the slumbering, but not extinguished flame in her heart. Long she wept over her past ingratitude, in having well nigh forgotten one, who for her sake, had forsaken home and friends, and nobly braved the perils of the ocean and dangers of a sickly foreign clime, in order to render his fortune

equal to her own, since his lofty soul shrunk from dependency, and burned with impatience to distinguish himself from the grovelling fortune-hunters, who ever beset a beautiful heiress—and such was Emily Howard.

And here we leave such minute details, and trust to the imagination of the reader to portray the joyous return, the two happy bridals which followed, the transport of the parents, the travels on the continent, the still-increasing affection of Sir Edward for his charming bride, and her flattering reception by his English friends; and above all, the entire reform of the now happy Emily, and the delightful seasons passed by the parties in pleasant, and often laughable reminiscences, among the quiet groves of Mr. Dalton's sweet country home."

BIOGRAPHY.



TITIAN OR TITIANO.

TITIANO, a celebrated painter, descended from the ancient family of Vacelli, and born at Cadore in Friuli, 1477. His fondness for painting was early observed, and he was placed under the care of Bellino; but he improved himself more by the laudable emulation between him and his fellow pupil Giorgione, than by the instruction of his master. His abilities, and the execution of his pencil soon recommended him to the notice of the great; he was patronised by Charles V. who knighted him, made him a count palatine, assigned him a pension, and bestowed on him several handsome presents, which he gave him as a mark of esteem, and not for his pictures, which he declared to be above any price. He died at Venice, of the plague, 1576, aged 99. His character as a man as well as a painter, was so universally respected, that he received the strongest marks of esteem and friendship from the greatest and most eminent persons in Europe. His pieces are much admired for their coloring, delicacy, and correctness. His best pieces are the Last Supper in the Escorial—a Christ crowned with thorns, at Milan—and a portrait of himself, with his mistress combing her hair, in the Paris collection.

MISCELLANY.

GAMBLING IN FOUR SCENES.

SCENE FIRST.

A GENTLE coffee house whose human screen conceals a line of Grenadier bottles! and hides respectable blushes from impertinent eyes. There is a quite little room opening out of the bar, and here sit four jovial youths. The cards are out, the wines are in. The fourth is a reluctant hand; he does not love the drink nor approve the game. He anticipates and fears the result of both. Why is he here? He is a whole souled fellow and is afraid

to seem ashamed of any fashionable gaiety. He will sip his wine on the importunity of a friend newly come to town, and is too polite to spoil that friend's pleasure, by refusing a part in the game. They sit, shuffle, deal; the night wears on, the clock telling no tale of passing hours; the prudent liquor fiend has made it safely dumb. The night is getting cold; its dark air grows fresher; the east is grey; the drinking and gaming and high-larious laughter are over, and the youths wending homeward. What says conscience? No matter what it says; they did not hear, and we will not. Whatever was said, it was very shortly answered thus: "This has not been gambling; all were gentlemen; there was no cheating, simply, a convivial meeting. No stakes, except the bills incident to the entertainment. If any body blames a young man for a little innocent exhilaration on a special occasion, he is a superstitious old bigot, let him croak. "Such a garnished name" is made the text to justify the whole round of gambling.—Let us then look at

SECOND SCENE.

In a room so silent that there is no sound except the shrill cock crowing the morning, the forgotten candles burning dimly, over the long and lengthened wick, sit four men. Carved marble could not be more motionless, save their hands.—Pale, watchful, though weary—their eyes pierce the cards, or furtively read each other's faces.—Hours have passed over them thus. At length they rise without words; some with a satisfaction that only makes their faces brightly haggard scrape off the piles of money; others, dark, sullen, silent, fierce, move slowly away from their lost money.—The darkest and fiercest of the four is the young friend who first sat down to make out a game.—He will never sit down so innocently again. What says he to his conscience now? "I have a right to gamble; I have a right to be damned too, if I choose; whose business is it?"

SCENE THIRD.

Years have passed on. He has seen his youth ruined, at the first with expostulation, then with only silent regret; then consenting to take part of the spoils he has himself decoyed, duped, and striped them without mercy. Go with me into that dilapidated house, not far from the landing at New Orleans. Look into that dirty room. Around a broken table, sitting upon boxes, kegs or rickety chairs, see a filthy crew dealing cards smouched with tobacco, grease and liquor. One has a pirate face, burnished and burnt with brandy, a lock of grizzly, matted hair, half covering his villain eyes which glare out like a wild beast's from a thicket. Close by him wheezes a white-faced dropsical wretch, vermin covered and stenchful. A scoundrel Spaniard and a burly negro, (the jollies of the four,) complete the group. They have spectators, drunken sailors, and ogling, thieving, drinking women, who should have died long ago, when all that was womanly died. Here, hour draws on hour, sometimes with brutal laughter, sometimes with threat, and oath and uproar. The last few stolen dollars lost, temper too, each charges the there with cheating, and high words ensue, and blows and the whole gang burst out of the door, beating biting, scratching and rolling over in the dust. The worst, the fiercest, the most drunken of the four, is our friend who began by making up the game.

SCENE FOUR.

Upon this bright day, stand with me if you would be sick of humanity, and look over that multitude of men kindly gathered to see a murderer hung.—At last a guarded cart drags on a thrice guarded wretch. At the gallows ladder his courage fails. His coward feet refuse to ascend—dragged up, he is supported by bustling officials—his brain reels, his eyes swim, while the mock minister utters a final prayer by his leaden ear. The prayer is said, the noose is fixed, the signal is given—a shudder runs through the crowd as he swings free. After a moment, his convulsed limbs stretch down and hang heavily and still; and he who began to gamble to make out a game, and ended in stabbing an enraged victim whom he had fleeced, has here played his last game—himself the stake.—Rev. H. W. Beecher.

HOW THAT CALF GOT THROUGH THE AUGUR HOLE.

THE proprietor of a tan yard adjacent to a certain town in Virginia, concluded to build a stand, or sort of store, on one of the main streets, for the purpose of vending his leather, buying raw hides, and the like. After completing his building, he began to consider what sort of a sign it would be best to put up for the purpose of attracting attention to his new establishment; and for days and weeks he was sorely puzzled on this subject. Several devices were adopted, and on further consideration, rejected.—At last a happy idea struck him. He bored an augur hole through the door-post and stuck a calf's tail into it, with the bushy end fluating out. After a while he noticed a grave looking personage standing near the door, with the spectacles on, gazing intently on the sign. And there he continued to stand, gazing and gazing until the curiosity of the Tanner was greatly excited in turn. He stepped out and addressed the individual:

"Good morning," said he.

"Morning," said the other without moving his eyes from the sign.

"You want to buy leather?" said the store keeper.

"No."

"Do you wish to sell hides?"

"No."

"Are you a farmer?"

"No."

"Are you a merchant?"

"No."

"Are you a lawyer?"

"No."

"Are you a doctor?"

"No."

"What the deuce are you, then?"

"I'm a philosopher. I have been standing here for an hour, trying to see if I could ascertain how that calf got through that augur hole, and I can't make it out to save my life.—N. C. Argus.

A CLOG.

No man passes along smoothly through life.—Here he meets with a clog, and there a mountain may frown upon him. To-day his skies may be cloudy, and to-morrow a whirlwind may sweep his path. But to him who takes things as they are—who is something of a Christian philosopher—every day will seem to pass smoothly along. If the

course he is bent on pursuing seems to be hedged up, he does not stop to fret and murmur, but takes off his jacket, rolls up his sleeves, and goes to work, and in a short time removes the obstacles from his path. When the clog is comparatively light, instead of dragging it along, he takes it up and carries it with him, and is as light-hearted as if all had been smooth. Sometimes he encounters moral evils—vice descends in various shapes in his path. But he does not get angry and rave like a madman. He loses not sight of the evil in a torrent of hard words; he removes it not by untempered zeal; but coolly and calmly he goes to work; he strikes easy but effectual blows, and finally succeeds in his efforts, while few around him are aware of what he is about.

How unlike the man who wishes every body to see the clog in his way. He will drag it up hill and down, over pavements and door-steps, making all to noise possible, so as to gain notoriety. Some look upon him as a great and wonderful man, and rally around him, as if he were a god. When he sees the moral evils of the world, he gives notice to all that he is going to remove them. He commences his work high among the branches, that every body may see what he is about. As he cuts off one branch and another, he throws it among the crowd, that they may shout gloriously his triumphs. Have you not seen such men? Look into the ranks of our modern reformers, and tell us.

We have found it the best and the easiest course to take things by the smooth handle; when evils come, to remove them as noiselessly as possible. A stout heart will not quail. A Christian heart will not sputter, pour out vials of wrath, or fight.—Whatever be the clog in your path, go to work right; you will remove it or carry it easily away. Pound it with tinkling cymbals, and you but make a great noise and accomplish nothing.

RUSSIAN CUSTOMS.

In this desolate region I saw men old with grey hair and ruddy faces who had lived through sixty dark winters and as many shadeless summers, and seemed contented, if not happy. But utter forgetfulness seems to be their highest pleasure. When the Russian peasant has earned enough to afford the luxury, he goes to town when all the church bells are ringing, to hail some saint's day; he solemnly attends the ceremony of worship and goes through all the required forms of kneeling, prostration, and making signs of the cross. This done, he hastens to the brandy shop, (and sometimes the priest goes with him)—there he wastes no time but pulls out his money and buys as much brandy as he can afford. He does not toy with his liquor, but swallows it at once, and in a few minutes falls senseless upon the floor. The tavern keeper takes his satisfied customer by the heels and draws him out into the street, there to lie until the next morning. Frequently as we entered a town after the celebration of some festival, we saw a score of the brandy drinkers lying by the side of the road.

Even love in this country seems to have caught some frost from the climate. We continued on as far as Ustjug-Weliki, and here we found an amusing instance of national taste. In the marketplace stood a long row of stout, honest looking, ruddy-cheeked peasant girls, each with a basket

upon her arm. They had come up the river to sell themselves! It was a market for wives, with their dowries in their baskets! The young men of Ustjug-Weliki walked along the tempting line of faces, in a very apathetic way, and seemed to be quite as earnest in peeping into the baskets as looking on the faces of these willing girls. I and my companion made an appraisal of the charms thus freely exhibited, and I think we noticed two or three that might have served us as excellent wives, had our circumstances allowed of such a speculation. Positively, there was a something to me quite charming in this plain business-like arrangement of matrimony, as contrasted with the same thing done in our fashionable circles, in such an indirect, round-about and hypocritical style.—*Work of a late Traveller.*

MY WIFE-IN-LAW.

"GOING the wrong way John," cried a young mechanic to his friend, as he met him in the street.

"Got hungry," rejoined the other. "Going to the tavern to get some breakfast."

"Has your wife gone away?"

"No! But she don't know how to cook. Yesterday she boiled the lettuce and radish, and dished the turnips raw; this morning the eggs were cooked as hard as butter; if they would go into my two-barrelled gun, I could shoot crows with them.—And ever since I was married I have lain under the interdict of the children of Israel in the wilderness. I have had no leavened bread."

"Well, John, I am in the same predicament.—Lucy don't know how to cook, so I tried it yesterday, but had no luck; and she says she'll try to learn, and I shall send her forthwith one quarter to school to my mother, for I verily believe that half I carry into the house is wasted."

"If your wife is willing to learn you'll do well enough, and are a happy man. You have a wife, whereas I've only a wife-in-law, for a woman who takes no interest in her husband's welfare is not a wife indeed, or a wife in need. She is only a wife-in-law. Emma isn't willing to learn to cook or mend either. She says her mother told her it was quite vulgar now-a-days to know any thing about domestic concerns, especially for a young wife.—That the latest fashion is for wives to be ladies, and have their servants. That she must tell John she was not made to be a drudge, and he must not be so selfish as to want her to work. Fine times these, George. A man that don't stand ready to support his wife, two or three attendants, and as much company, in extravagance, is directly a niggard. Don't know what will be done. Men can't all be thriving business men and become independent at once; we must have some laborers, and they, poor men, must all take the vows of perpetual celibacy, for aught I know, like the Catholic priests."

"I had a little place when I was married, but it's mortgaged now, and now I must not open my mouth to say a word. If I do, I am a niggard, and want a wife on purpose to do my drudgery."

A FABLE FOR THE YOUNG.

A LITTLE girl and boy were once seated on a flower bank, and talking proudly about their dress. "See," said the boy, "what a beautiful new

hat I have got, what a fine blue jacket and trousers, and what a nice pair of shoes! It is not every one who is dressed so finely as I am!"

"Indeed, sir," said the little girl. "I think I am dressed finer than you, for I have on a silk pelisse, and a fine feather in my hat; I know that my dress cost a good deal of money!"

"Not so much as mine," said the boy, "I know."

"Hold your peace," said a caterpillar, crawling into the hedge, "you have neither of you any reason to be so proud of your clothes, for they are only second-hand, and have all been worn by some creature or other, of which you think but meanly, before they were upon you. Why, that silk has first wrapped up such a worm as I."

"There, miss, what do you say to that?" said the boy.

"And the feather," exclaimed a bird, perched upon a tree, "was stolen from or cast off, by some of my race."

"What do you say to that, miss?" repeated the boy. "Well, my clothes were neither worn by birds nor worms."

"True," said a sheep, grazing close by "but they were worn on the backs of some of my family before they were yours, and as for your hat, I know that the beavers have supplied the fur for that article; and my friends, the calves and oxen, in that field, were not killed merely to get their flesh to eat, but also to get their skins to make your shoes."

See the folly of being proud of your clothes, since we are indebted to the meanest creatures for them; and even then we would not use them, if God did not give us the wisdom to contrive the best way of making them fit to wear, and the means of procuring them for our comfort.

OUR MOTHERS.

AROUND the idea of one's mother, the mind of man clings with fond affection. It is the first dear thought stamped upon our infant hearts, when yet soft and capable of receiving the most profound impressions, and all the after feelings are more or less light in comparison. Our passions and our wilfulness may lead us far from the object of our filial love; we may become wild, headstrong, and angry at her counsels or oppositions; but when death has stilled her monitory voice, and nothing but calm memory remains to recapitulate her virtues and good deeds, affection, like a flower beaten to the ground by a rude storm, raises up her head and smiles amongst her tears. Round that idea as we have said the mind clings with fond affection; and even when the earlier period of our loss forces memory to be silent, fancy takes the place of remembrance, and twines the image of our departed parent with a garland of graces, and beauties, and virtues, which we doubt not she possessed.

AMBITION.

THE pursuit of ambition may be aptly compared to ascending the Andes. The greater the elevation attained, the more is the aspirant removed from the common sphere of his fellow men. As he who climbs Chimborazo attains a region of perpetual coldness and barrenness, of eternal solitude and loneliness, while he who remains on the plains below inhabits a region of constant warmth and ver-

ture, in the midst of society and sympathy,—so he who ascends the mountain of ambition, will find himself alone, without sympathy or reciprocal attachment, in the company of a few as lonely and isolated as himself; while he who is content to remain as one among his fellow men, in the common sphere below, will have his heart warmed and fertilized by the invigorating rays of reciprocal attachment and affection, and be enabled to drink in pleasure and enjoyment from a thousand springs unknown to the man of ambition.—*Wright's Paper.*

A WAGER.

BEFORE the war, says the Nautical Magazine, Captain Carden and the Macedonian were at Norfolk; Decatur was there too, and a warm intimacy soon joined in friendship two kindred hearts.—While discussing naval affairs one day, Carden said:

"Decatur, your ships are good enough, and you are a clever set of fellows, but what practice have you in war. One of these days we will probably have a brush together and if I catch your ship at sea, I will knock her into a cocked hat, Stephen."

"Will you?" said Decatur? "I will bet you a hat on it."

The bet was agreed on, and the conversation changed. But a few months elapsed ere the war that had been threatening commenced, and the two captains, by some singular coincidence met. The results of the action are known. Captain Carden, on going on board the United States was received by a Lieutenant at the gangway, to whom he tendered his sword.

"Not to me, sir," said the officer, "but to the captain."

"And where is the captain?" said the embarrassed Englishman.

"He is standing aft, there; that is the gentleman, in a tarpaulin hat and round jacket."

Carden went aft—and his feelings on meeting, under such circumstances, his old friend may be imagined. As he offered his sword to Decatur, that officer said:

"No Carden, I never take the sword of a brave man—you have fought gallantly. But," said he laying his hands on the other's shoulder, "I will take that hat, my dear fellow."

In transferring to the United States the suite of Capt. Carden, a fine band was included. In the afternoon when dinner was announced in the cabin Capt. Carden said to Decatur:

"Those musicians are very skilful and I have always had them on deck while at dinner."

"Very well," said Decatur, "we will have them up."

The band was ordered on deck to play, and Commodore Decatur was asked what air he would like to hear.

"Let them play, 'Britannia Rules the Waves,'" said he, with a slight laugh.

HOW TO CHOOSE A WIFE.

"A PLACE for everything, and everything in its place," said the patriarch to his daughter. "Select a wife, my son, who will never step over a broomstick." The son was obedient to the lesson. "Now," said he pleasantly on a gay May-day, to one of his companions, "I appoint that bloomstick to choose me a wife. The young lady who will

not step over it shall have the offer of my hand." They passed from the splendid saloon to the grove some stumbled over the broomstick, and others jumped over it. At length a young lady stooped and put it in its place. The promise was fulfilled; she became the wife of an educated and wealthy young man, and he the husband of a prudent industrious, and lovely wife. He brought a fortune to her, and she knew how to save one. It was not easy to decide which was under the greatest obligation; both were rich, and each enriched the other. Young ladies remember this.

HONEST SIMPLICITY.—One day last week, an elderly lady, with two huge bundles in her hands came into the depot at Springfield, and planted herself in a chair, directly before the delivery box of the ticket office of the Conn. River Railroad.—After sitting composedly a short time, she accosted a gentleman standing by, and inquired with evident concern—"Can you tell, Mr. if I'm near the injine where I shall get blowed up?" "Oh no, madam," replied the latter, "you are safe there." "Well, then," rejoined she, after a short pause,—"when shall we get to Northampton?"

On being informed that she must get into the cars to go to Northampton, she exclaimed, with astonishment—"Du tell if this 'ere thing (meaning he depot) don't all go."—*Northampton Gaz.*

GIVE NO PAIN.

BREATHE not a sentiment—say not a word—give not an expression of the countenance that can offend another, or send a thrill of pain through his bosom. We are surrounded by sensitive hearts, which a word, a look even, might fill to the brim with sorrow. If you are careless of the opinions and expressions of others remember that they are differently constituted from yourself, and never, by word or sign, cast a shadow on the happy heart, or throw aside the smiles of joy that love to linger on a pleasant countenance.

Dow Jr. in one of his late sermons, gives the following advice to young ladies:

"My young maidens—I know you want to get married as soon as you enter your teens; but it is better to remain single, and live upon the cold soup of solitude, than to marry misery and wed woe. I have but a poverty-stricken opinion of the majority of my sex. They are corrupted by the mis-called refinements of the age, so inflated with pride, so fooled by fashion, so afraid of the soil on which they live, so given to cultivating whiskers and moustaches, while their morals are in the most wretched state for want of weedin, and so overgrown with hair, vanity and laziness, that scarcely one in twenty is worth being entrusted with a wife."

LIVE WELL.

They only are truly happy who live well—who have taken the volume of inspiration as their guide, and are beckoned on by the hand of virtue. Do you wish to die happy? Live well. Let no hopes of gain tanish your honor; no praise blind your eyes. The man who pursues a correct course—is firm in his integrity—is a being that all respect and look up with reverence and love. The wealthy may be courted—the talented may be followed and honored and man of sed, but the cares

real virtue is loved with true affection. He may not excite the crowd or draw after him a train of noisy admirers, but silently he exerts a good influence that will be felt as long as God exists.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

L. V. V. Pleasant Plains, N. Y. for Vol. 25. \$1.00; W. B. Greenport, N. Y. \$1.00; R. C. Roundout, N. Y. \$3.00.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on the 19th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Gosman, Shubael C. Bingham, to Almira Parselt, all of Hudson.
By the Rev. Dr. Gosman, Peter Condit, to Catharine Brundage, all of Hudson.

DEATHS.

In this city, on the 1st inst. Frank, son of Wm. and Christina Maize, aged 9 months.

On the 1st inst. Mary E. Hadden, aged 67 years, 9 months and 6 days

On the 2d inst. Franklin, son of Charles Winchel, aged 1 year.

On the 4th inst. Charles, son of Chancey Jaquins, aged 6 months.

On the 14th inst. Montgomery, son of Henry and Maria Roraback, aged 10 months.

On the 16th inst. Emily, adopted daughter of George and Mary Dawson, aged 6 months.

On the 18th inst. Catharine, daughter of Casper and Maria Winters, aged 6 months.

On the 18th inst. Ellen Elizabeth, daughter of James and Eliza Phillips, aged 1 year, 6 months and 19 days.

On the 17th Charlotte daughter of Marcus and Jane Curtis, aged 21 years, 5 months and 7 days.

On the 18th Francis, daughter of Alexander and Elizabeth V. Hammond aged 4 years and 11 months.

On the 20th Charlott E. daughter of George and Ann Payne, aged 1 year and 7 months.

On the 21st Anna F. daughter of Samuel Snow, aged 1 year and 3 months.

On the 5th inst. Frederick, son of Edward and Emily Lambert, aged 2 years and 1 month.

"No bitter tears for thee be shed,
Blossom of being! seen and gone!
With flowers alone we strew thy bed,
O blest departed one;
Whose all of life, a rosy ray,
Blushed into dawn and passed away.

Oh! had'st thou still on earth remained,
Vision of beauty! fair as brief!
How soon thy brightness had been stained
With passion or with grief!
Now not a sullying breath can rise,
To dim thy glory in the skies.

And oh! sometimes in visions blest,
Sweet spirit! visit our repose,
And bear from thine own world of rest,
Some balm for human woes!
What form more lovely could he given
Than thine, to messenger of Heaven?

At Sheffield, on the 14th inst. Joseph Hewens, in his 84th year. One of our Revolutionary Soldiers.

In Greene, Chenango county, on the 10th instant, Newell Edgar, son of Rev. Ferdinand Rogers, aged 4 years and 5 months.

At Stayresant Falls, on the 30th of July, Phebe Ann, daughter of John L. and Deborah Hutton, aged 1 year and 28 days.

At Chatham 4 Corners, on the 4th inst. Medora, daughter of John H. and Margaret Mesick, aged 1 year and 1 month.

In Kinderhook, on the 1st inst. Mr. John Dederick, aged 72 years.

In Kinderhook, on the 4th inst. Mrs. Hawes, relict of the late Peter Hawes, aged about 90 years.

In Greenport, on the 14th inst. Charles V. Potts, in his 49th year.

In New-York, on the 16th inst. at 7 o'clock, P. M. John Cornell Pease, aged 27 years, 6 months and 16 days.

In the death of John C. Pease, we behold the triumph of the Christian. Although suffering from the severest pains that earth could give through a long and protracted sickness, he submitted patiently, and passed away to another world to find a happy immortality, in the arms of his Saviour.

In the village of Poughkeepsie on the 15th inst. Eliza Jane Rose, wife of Elias G. Hopkins, and daughter of Samuel Rose of this city, in the 26th year of her age.

She had been an acceptable member of the Congregational church for the last three years. Her disease was consumption. She was perfectly conscious some time previous to her departure that she could not recover, and said she had given up all to Christ and taken him for her portion. A few hours before her death she requested the writer of this to sing with her and while singing a favorite hymn of her's.

Alas! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die, &c.

She united in singing it with an audible though broken voice. Truly it was heaven on earth begun, after this she desired to see her friends, and as we gathered around her bed, she took her husband by the hand and said Farewell! Good Bye, soon after this she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus. May this providence be sanctified to the salvation of her surviving husband, father, mother and all her numerous relatives and friends.
L. J. H.



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

LOVE—MEMORIES.

"Thou who did'st teach my youthful muse to sing,
Strung her new harp and claimed her earliest strain."
MELGAR GARDNER.

Dost thou remember of a summer even,
Resting, long silent by our trysting tree?
While the lone stars above us gemmed the heaven
Like soft eyes watching over you and me
And thy dark eyes looked radiantly on mine—
No tongue could utter language such as thine!
And far along the grassy, waving meadow,—
The gleaming fire-flies threw their starry light,
And the old trees, light moving in their shadow,—
Seeming like stately warders of the night.—
No softer eve e'er woke a fairy morn,—
Ne'er happier hours were on such fleetness borne.
It seemed as Time upon a selfish mission,
Hastened the brief, forgotten hours along—
Enhancing more the beauty of the vision,
To full of beauty, like a long lost song.
The picture glides before me, soft and bright,
In the rich radiance of that summer night.
Thy deep, dark eyes steadfastly gazing on me,
A magic spell above my actions furles;
Thy firm devotion and thy worth have won me,
To nobler wrestlings with a selfish world.
A future lies before us, wide and fair,
Have we an earnest of misfortune there?
And this is love? was it to mortals given
The last, best gift of the Unchangeable?
The bond of twin-hearts, doubting hath not riven,
Their cup of pleasure constant, always full;
Oh, who would! in such ecstasy resign—
Those soft low words of thine—Forever thine!

Felix.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

I WOULD NOT BE A CHILD AGAIN.

BY HENRY MORFORD.

[In sending us the following poem, Mr. Morford writes as follows:—"I send you, as you will perceive, an off-set to 'Ella Elwood's' beautiful poem, 'I Would I Were a Child Again,' in the Post of the 29th ult. I presume she is in earnest in her wish. I am fully as much so in my disclaimer. Perhaps we represent the phases of happy and unhappy childhood. Perhaps, as I have hinted, in her mind the past may seem brighter than it was; perhaps, in mine, it may be colored by after suffering. Choose ye between these philosophies."]

I would not be a child again,
Oh, never call me back
To tread, with fettered heart and brain,
That long and weary track.
To see all things with fettered eyes,
To bear a mastered will,
To gaze, far off, on Paradise,
And be forbidden still.
I would not be a child again,
Although from all around
I hear the fond wish breathed in vain
To pass again the bound.
To breathe once more the cheerful air
That childhood's lip inhales,
And play, without a thought or care,
In childhood's sunny vales.
I would not be a child again,
Not even for the art
To pour the soft and welcome rain
Upon a barren heart;
Not even to recall my life,
As if it had not been;
Unload my heart from pride and strife,
And bleach my page of sin.
I would not be a child again,
Even to feel once more

The glorious throbbings in the brain
That early manhood wore;
Not even to love as I loved first,
Not for the tide of song
That once from out my spirit burst,
And bore my life along.

I would not be a child again,
No memory lives for me
That ever my weak head has lain
Upon a mother's knee;
I hear no word of kindness now,
Outspoke in childhood's day,
I bear no sadness on my brow
For playmates passed away.
I would not be a child again—
I see, when I look back,
The dragging of a weary chain
Upon an endless track;
Harsh laughter from the careless flung,
Cold words from lips as cold,
And torture, when my heart was young,
That made my spirit old.

I would not be a child again,
I cannot but believe
That those who mourn o'er childhood's wane,
Their own weak hearts deceive.
That fancy paints with colors mild
What sober truth would ban;
I feel, I know, a happier child
Would be a happier man.
I would not be a child again,
My spirit holds its place,
I breathe no prayer to retain
One moment of my race;
I envy Time no more his wings,
Nor seek to hold him fast,
Stand firm for all the future brings,
And ne'er regret the past.

From Godey's Lady's Book.

THE WORLD WEARY.

BY CLARA MORETON.

"This it is to feel uncared for, like a useless wayside stone,
This it is to walk in spirit through the desolate world alone."
BUCHANAN READ.

HOME! home!—there is no home for me—
No welcome smile my eyes to greet—
No words of love to cheer my path,
And thrill my heart with wilder beat.
And day by day I journey on,
Through pathways dark and drear and lone;
And hour by hour my heart grows cold—
Its echoes sound in mournful tone.
In vain I gaze into the skies,
And seek their mystery to read;
The stars shine coldly on my brow,
And mock me in my hours of need.
The clouds, in dark and heavy mass,
Spread upwards—on all sides they loom;
And as I look, in changing forms
They come—the inmates of the tomb.
The misty forms I fain would clasp,
Dissolve and vanish as I gaze;
And sometimes from their midst there shines
A flashing star with gentle rays.
One instant, then, my heart throbs wild—
I fancy 'twas a smile of love—
With yearning breast and panting soul,
Most earnestly I gave above.
Another looming cloud sweeps on,
Enshrouding from my eager view
The fancied smile—the flashing star
And its pure home in boundless blue.
I turn to earth, I am alone—
Alone amidst the busy crowd,
For those whom once I loved to greet,
Are wrapped within the spotless shroud.
Oh! blame me not, then, if I mourn,
Nor call it selfish, wayward grief;
I feel on earth I am alone,
But turn to Heaven with sweet belief.

W. B. STODDARD, BOOK, CARD, JOB & FANCY PRINTER,

AT THE OFFICE OF THE

RURAL REPOSITORY,

One door above the corner of Warren and Third-sts.

W. B. S. would inform the public that he has the greatest variety of the newest styles of type, cuts, and embellishments to be found in this or any other city; and that he is ready to do all kinds of PRINTING in a superior manner, and at the most reduced prices. He would also state, that he has a BOOK BINDERY connected with the above establishment, and persons wishing Books printed can also have them Bound, by making one contract for the whole, thereby making the expense come considerable less.

JUSTICES' BLANKS, DEEDS, MORTGAGES, LAND-
LORDS' LEASES, BLANK ROAD LISTS, &c.

For Sale at the Rural Repository Office.

Hudson, April, 1848.

New Volume, September, 1847.

RURAL REPOSITORY,

Vol. 24, Commencing Sept. 25, 1847.

EMBELLISHED WITH NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS

Price \$1—Clubs from 50 to 75 Cents.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY will be devoted to Polite Literature; containing Moral and Sentimental Tales, Original Communications, Biographies, Traveling Sketches, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, Poetry, &c. The first Number of the Twenty-Fourth Volume of the RURAL REPOSITORY will be issued on Saturday the 25th of September, 1847.

The "Repository" circulates among the most intelligent families of our country and is hailed as a welcome visitor, by all that have favored us with their patronage. It has stood the test of more than a score of years; amid the many changes that have taken place and the ups and downs of life, whilst hundreds of a similar character have perished, our humble Rural has continued on, from year to year, until it is the Oldest Literary Paper in the United States.

CONDITIONS.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY will be published every other Saturday in the Quarto form, containing twenty six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index to the volume, making in the whole 208 pages. It will also be embellished with numerous Engravings, and consequently it will be one of the neatest, cheapest, and best literary papers in the country.

TERMS.

ONE DOLLAR per annum, invariably in advance. We have a few copies of the 11th, 12th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, and 23d volumes, and any one sending for the 24th volume, can have as many copies of either of these volumes as they wish at the same rate as that volume.

Clubs! Clubs! Clubs! Clubs!!

All those who will send us the following amounts in one remittance, shall receive as stated below, viz:

Four	Copies for \$3.00	Twenty Four Copies for \$15.00
Seven	do. \$5.00	Thirty do. \$18.00
Ten	do. \$7.00	Thirty-Five do. \$20.00
Fifteen	do. \$10.00	Forty do. \$22.00
Twenty	do. \$13.00	Fifty do. \$25.00

Great Inducements to Agents.

Those who send \$5 or \$7, for a Club, can have one of the above mentioned Volumes (gratis); those who send \$10, or \$15, two; those who send \$20, three; and those who send \$25 or over, four.

Any town that will send us the most subscribers, for the 24th volume, shall be entitled to the 25th volume for half price, each subscriber in such town to receive the Repository during that year for half the sum paid for the 24th volume.

Names of subscribers with the amount of Subscription to be sent as soon as possible to the publisher.

No subscription received for less than one year. All the back numbers furnished to new subscribers during the year until the edition is out, unless otherwise ordered.

WILLIAM B. STODDARD

Hudson, Columbia, Co. N. Y. 1847

EDITORS, who wish to exchange, are respectfully requested to give the above a few insertions, or at least a notice and receive Subscriptions.